

The Second Flood and Then the Fire

This was the way
the flood came;
no one was being
overly good
or bad.

Clam chowder
was the soup of
the day.

The winos
were drinking anything.

But it rained anyway.
It rained
like hell.

It was too cold
for kids
to build small rafts.

Everyone disappeared
into the houses and buildings
until the rain
spilled them out again.

Lovers, in their fear,
forgot to embrace.
Death
touched their lips.
And called out
everyone's name.

Birds perched
on whatever was tall
above the water.

A bartender
waiting for the last
of the seige,
polished glasses
and poured himself
a drink.

It was a good enough
ending.

And it rained, they say,
Forever and ever.

Please Don't Tell Me I Am Prosaic Just Let Me Write

It took me just five minutes
to write my last two poems. I will
probably send them out and maybe one
of them will be accepted.
People (we know who reads us)
will read it and think they know
how I felt when I wrote it -- but let's
be honest together: I wrote
these poems after a good meal.
I was content (for then) and life
seemed full of the living.
So if you ever meet me,
do not expect the sad-eyed hungry
poet. Forgive me, it is not that
I am a fake, just that we are all
so many things.

Mate

Sometimes
even when I don't
want you,
I want you to keep
wanting me.
It is destroying us.